The Commonweal

August 8, 1947

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Threat to Lebanon

Habib J. Awad

The French Priest

M. R. Desobry

Prejudice

George H. Dunne

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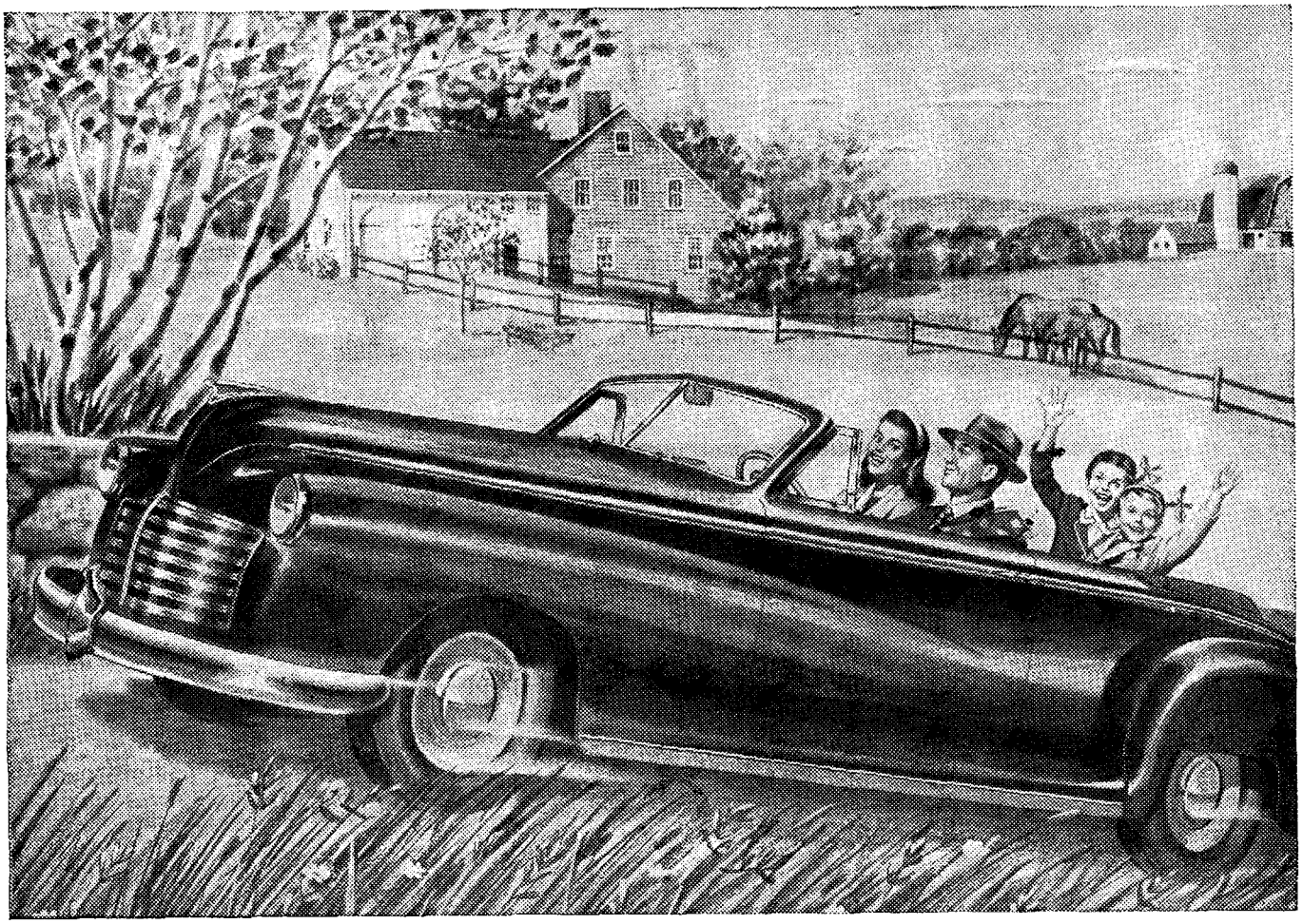

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The
COMMONWEAL

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Christ's Sacrifice and Ours

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Congress End

IT IS CURIOUS to measure the acts and omissions of the Eightieth Congress by the formula to which the Alsops have alluded: The '47 session was an effort to please American business; the '48 will enact a rather mild program of social legislation if Washington business lobbyists are not too powerful. Major enactments of this late session of direct economic consequence must be pleasing to business men: Taft-Hartley; moderate cuts in the Truman budget; relaxing of wartime and rent controls; the freezing of social security taxes at a non-viable 1 percent. Income tax reduction and a higher wool tariff were enacted but successfully vetoed. And anti-New Deal vehemence could be detected in the fight against David Lilienthal, the investigation of the Roosevelt papers, the Constitutional Amendment explicitly limiting the presidency to two terms. Business men no doubt also like, in the main, the concentration of cuts in appropriations on functions such as those once carried on by the Farm Security Administration; postponement of legislation raising the minimum wage; failure to enact permissive DP legislation, in the face of an almost universal demand for it; and inaction on housing, health, education.

If members of the first Republican-controlled Congress in sixteen years feel that they can now relax in the realization that in domestic matters they have pleased business men and carried out a "mandate," they had better take another look around. Largely for personal rather than for public-spirited reasons, the Gallup poll shows, they are actually losing ground. Their little theory that relaxation of wartime controls, which they advocated, would spur production so intensely that prices would not rise has been disproved at a resentful public's expense. Their failure to enact badly needed housing legislation, coupled with a new rent control law which gave landlords a whip hand, has not endeared them to many voters either.

It is doubtful whether the mild social legislation which is scheduled for the presidential year will redress that balance, if it does get by the lobbyists. But it is hardly in terms of political strategy that we are unenthusiastic about the record of the Eightieth Congress. Only in the bipartisan Congressional foreign policy is there anything to hail.

Unification

WE HAVE been more interested in various attempts—so far all of them failures—to unify Europe than in the process which successfully has unified the Army, the Navy and the Air Force of the United States. It seemed to us that the first unification was more important than the second. After all, a war had been fought to make it possible even to think of creating a unified and peaceful world and the soldiers, sailors and airforce men who fought it would not have done so if they had thought that it would serve no better purpose than to show that American forces needed Mr. Forrestal to unite them after the war was won.

In any case, now these forces are united, although it appears that the Air Force, previously "united" to the Army or the Navy, is now all off by itself, with a budget of its own, plans for a new uniform, a West Point or an Annapolis of its own, and an announcement that it will be a "ready to fight" organization "by Christmas." We regret this phrase with which the Air Force greeted its new unified status, wondering, uselessly, what Americans would think if the Russians said it.

The business of any armed forces, unified or not, in any country, is to be ready to fight—and it is their business also to be silent until the government and people of their country have exhausted every means to save the peace, and they have to fight. Although far from silent, the American forces now are unified. This technical problem is settled. That of providing men to handle the

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guns, the ships, the planes, is not settled. We have not got conscription. We do not know how this problem will be solved, but hope that in the scramble for men the Army and Navy will not enter into competition with the Air Force slogan, calling for sailors so that the Navy can be "ready to fight" by November, for soldiers so that the Army can be "ready to fight" by October. Because if the campaign for the needed men is going to be run hysterically, there will be a strong reaction against this idea of a monthly deadline for war, and this extremely rational and healthy reaction will not help the unified forces to get the men they want. It might be better to advance, quietly, without the band.

No Escape!

SINCE the publication of the horror pictures of the slain at the Brunswick, Ga., prison camp in the nation's newspapers and picture magazines two things have happened. The facts have been ascertained: the Negro prisoners had asked for a conference with the warden when ordered to work barefoot in rattlesnake-infested swamps; this request was not granted and they refused to do the work; on their return to the prison itself five of the "ringleaders" were ordered to step forward by the drunken warden, who told one of the Negroes he was going to kill him; the five naturally would not obey, and the warden ordered, "let them have it"; eight prisoners were killed and six wounded, for the area was enclosed by a wire stockade twelve feet high, from which there was no egress. The second development: the warden was brought to trial by a grand jury in Brunswick and acquitted of any wrongdoing on the ground that the prisoners were trying to escape. Local jurors will continue to adjudge things in this manner as long as there is no federal statute affording requisite protection to those American citizens whose municipalities and states fail to protect the basic human liberties.

A Union's First Duty

ONLY TWO WEEKS ago, in these pages, we discounted considerably the victory which John L. Lewis was supposed to have won for his coal miners. We cited the extremely inadequate provisions, in the new agreement, for enforcing safe working conditions (and the deplorable living conditions in mining towns). In the interval another Illinois mine disaster has needlessly taken the lives of twenty-seven more miners. Once again, as at Centralia, the local miners' safety committee had recently protested to the management about certain hazardous conditions, as well as the practice of the Old Ben Coal Company of rock-dusting while the regular shift was on duty. The miners had even cited the last report of the Federal Mine Inspector there. The tragedy of it all is that Bureau of Mines officials believe 95 percent of such mining accidents are preventable.

Congress has gone off now without enacting the federal safety enforcement demanded by the recent tragic toll and clearly called for all along. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* primarily blames the operators: "The greatest opposition to federal mine safety has come from the coal operators, who fear it would hike costs. For 20 years and more they have prevented Congress from acting." Mr. Lewis, too, has completed his job. But we recall the qualifying phrase, "willing and able to work," which exercised some journals so much over the Lewis-dictated agreement. If the United Mine Workers had the right sort of leadership, would it not be the time to insist that their membership at the local level refuse to be "willing" at any time where hazards listed by federal mine inspectors remain uncorrected? That would still leave the many mines which inspectors had not yet reached; but it would save a number of lives. And if the UMW were really on the job, it would instruct its locals never to work, inspector or no inspector, under serious uncorrected hazards.

The Ruhr

THERE IS ONLY one person who can possibly be enjoying the Western intramural dispute over what to do about the Ruhr—Mr. Molotov. About a month ago, after entertaining the world with a parody on Soviet objections to the Marshall Plan, Mr. Molotov, looking more like a bested under-secretary than the Foreign Minister of a great power, made a graceless early morning departure from a Paris airport. At that moment, it looked as though the pleasure was going to be all ours. The Soviets were gone. There was to be a brief pause devoted to oratory, self-congratulation, and muted laughter over Mr. Molotov's final performance in the West. This was to be followed by an order calling for full production in the Ruhr. Non-Soviet Europe was to be promptly overwhelmed by tons of fresh German steel.

The first, or self-congratulation and amusement phase, was a complete success. But when, in accordance with plans for the second phase, word was sent to General Clay directing him to twirl the dials of the Ruhr, the French immediately cried out to Washington, and from that moment on the problem of how to get the Ruhr going while at the same time safeguarding everybody's peace of mind has become so complicated and baffling that—except for the fact that it quite obviously cannot be so—one might almost suspect the stultifying hand of Mr. Molotov himself.

The only simple thing about the Ruhr problem is the number of nations whose sensibilities must be taken into account if there is to be a profitable and abiding solution to the problem. The special

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desires of France, England, Germany, Russia (in absentia) and the United States must, in some way, be gently dealt with if the Ruhr is to live up to its advance billing as an instrument for peace and prosperity in Europe.

The French, for obvious geographic and historical reasons, have made the most noise about the Ruhr. But in spite of their din, they appear to be the nation whose attitude toward the Ruhr is the most logical and whose rudimentary demands can be most conveniently granted. The French want the same thing that everyone else wants from the Ruhr: a higher rate of production for the benefit of all participants in the Marshall Plan. The French twist to that general aspiration is their insistence on a split in the traditional function of the Ruhr. Instead of depending on the Ruhr for both coal and steel, the French suggest that the Ruhr be treated as a source of coal alone, with the finished product—steel—to be furnished by the steel industries of France, Luxemburg and Belgium. As the French see it, the double temptation of steel and coal in the same area has always been too much for the Germans, and there is no evidence on hand which indicates that it would not be too much for them again. Only the Germans themselves could honestly quarrel with the French about that. For anyone else who is interested in both a productive and a safe Ruhr, the French plan has the irrefutable appeal of good sense. The supply of steel to an impatient Europe will certainly be held up somewhat if the French plan is followed, but it appears to be the only way that Europe can make quite sure that the supply will be beyond the touch of future German political developments.

The British have not spoken their piece about the Ruhr in such high-pitched tones as the French have, but their plans for that prized area will be more difficult to fit into a satisfactory whole solution. The British are mainly concerned that the Ruhr be nationalized. Their concern is high-minded, but for a nation whose primacy has so long depended on a real, workable view of all situations it appears, in this instance, to be surprisingly wishful. The question to ask the British is: nationalize the Ruhr for whom? And the answer would probably be: why, for the German Social Democrats. The unfortunate thing about the British answer is that the German Social Democrats, so far, have convinced only the British that they have or are likely to have the power to control a nationalized Ruhr if it is handed to them. In the opinion of nearly everyone else who has had a look at the 1947 Germans, the Social Democrats in that country are scarcely more than a pleasant myth. Real Germany continues to be largely composed of lightly sleeping nazis and actual or imminent communists. The British might be saved an amount of very grave future embarrassment if they agreed to give way on their nationalization stand and to accept international control of the Ruhr as a more hopeful substitute.

The strategists of the Marshall Plan have not spent much time in sounding out German opinion on the future of the Ruhr—on the grounds, probably, that the Germans have hardly earned the right to an opinion—but it is nevertheless true that German reaction to what is done with the Ruhr may one day be terribly important. No matter how the problem is eventually settled, some section of the German population will eventually draw on the solution as a source for worrisome propaganda. The object, then, as far as the Germans are concerned, is to give them as little as possible to complain about in the future. If there is to be an international control of the Ruhr, then the Germans must be represented on the control council. And in addition to a representative, the Germans must be allotted a percentage of the coal to be taken from the Ruhr for the rebuilding of Western Europe. The percentage could be made safe by distributing it for use in the development of German *light* industry.

The Russian reaction to a settlement of the Ruhr problem is bound to be something like that of the Germans: no matter what is done, the Soviets will surely be displeased. In their case, the displeasure can be alleviated in advance by the same percentage method. When the plan for the distribution of Ruhr coal is being drawn up, a percentage of it should be set aside for possible use by the Russians—should they eventually decide to join in the agreement drawn up by participants in the Marshall Plan. An arrangement of this sort would also make it more difficult for the Russians to default on the conference of Foreign Ministers next November in London.

The final party to be considered is the United States. In our case, the problem is one of tactics rather than one of benefits. The great job ahead of this country will be to convince the European nations that the United States does not regard the Ruhr as a hunting ground for the eager forces of American capitalism. We must not allow our anxiety to see the Ruhr in motion to hurry us into blunders which can later be exploited for the benefit of anti-American propaganda. We must agree, first of all, to international control—without the comforts of American private capital. Also, we must encourage the initiative (as we have, thus far, in the development of the Marshall Plan) to come from the European nations. It would have been preferable, for example, if the British-American meeting to discuss the Ruhr had been held in London, rather than in Washington.

The American desire to reestablish Europe for the benefit of Europeans is not a fiction. Our behavior during the unwinding of the Ruhr problem will make it possible for Europeans to decide between the Soviet view of America and our own view of ourselves. JOHN BRODERICK.

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Threat to Lebanon

Habib J. Awad

A FEW WEEKS AGO, when the United Nations Palestine Committee prepared to move the site of its investigations from Palestine into adjoining Lebanon (in order to receive Arab testimony on less prejudiced ground), the Lebanese Government informed the committee that Mr. Gerald Frank, a representative of the New York *Post,* would not be permitted to accompany the committee into Lebanon. The Lebanon Government intimated that Mr. Frank had, through his dispatches from Palestine, proved himself to be excessively pro-Zionist. The United Nations Committee and its accompanying press body protested against Mr. Frank's exclusion, and the ban against him was eventually lifted.

The action of the Lebanese Government in regard to Mr. Frank may have surprised those members of the United Nations Committee and the press who were, at the time, unfamiliar with the political situation in Lebanon. But by now, as a result of their sojourn in that country, the United Nations people and the members of their press camp must surely recognize the difficulty over Mr. Frank's entry for what it was: a minor behavior symptom which indicates the real character of the fraudulently elected, non-representative current Lebanese Government.

The present Lebanese Government came into power (it would be inexact to say that the government had been "elected") following the elections held in the latter part of May of this year. According to most disinterested estimates, only about fifty percent of the voters went to the polls. In addition to this unusual circumstance—favorable to the government and, for the most part, brought on by its behavior—it is the opinion of the Paris *Figaro* that the elections were corrupt to such an outrageous extent that "in many Lebanese districts the registered voters were two thousand and the counted votes were twenty thousand." And in the United States, the New York Arabic newspaper, *Alhoda,* reported in news stories dated May 28 and June 2 of this year that university and school students in Beirut held a demonstration a short time before the parliamentary elections. The students condemned the existing government and asked the Lebanese President to appoint a provisional government to supervise free and fair elections. The government's answer was to break up the demonstration, wounding a few of the participants in the process.

This action on the part of the government may have effectively disposed of the protesting students, but it was not sufficient to curb other, more adult, instances of protest which followed in the wake of the fraudulent elections. Shortly after the elections, Kamel Bey Jamblat, leader of the Druzes (one of the most influential and numerous of the non-Christian groups in Lebanon) resigned his cabinet post as a gesture of indignation over the manner in which the elections had been conducted. At about the same time, all the leading Lebanese daily papers with the exception of *Le Jour,* President Bechara El-Khoury's own organ, addressed a joint letter to the President informing him that, in their opinion, the newly elected National Assembly "discredits the State," and further informing him that they would no longer cover the Assembly's sessions. They also urged immediate dissolution of the Assembly.

Even more impressive than all these protests, however, was an open letter which His Excellency, the Marionite Archbishop Mubarak, one of the most influential residents of Lebanon, addressed to President El-Khoury. After reminding the President of their forty-five years of friendship (which included at least one occasion on which His Excellency the Archbishop made direct use of his influence in order to save El-Khoury's life) His Excellency informed the President that he was in a state of despair because "in Lebanon there is no peace, justice or happiness—only graft and injustice and murder, robberies and thefts committed by men in office, and government intervention to prevent free elections and make easy the victory of a group which has sacrificed every public interest for its personal profit." The Archbishop's letter concluded by calling on the President to resign, since he had so clearly demonstrated his inability to guarantee the freedoms of his people, the first of which is the freedom of election.

★

The above paragraphs constitute, in outline, a picture of the political state of affairs in Lebanon at this moment. The picture is not an edifying one, but it is the current way of things in a section of the world which Americans must get to know and understand if the monumental influence and power of the United States are to be used to bring about the greatest good in the Middle East. Unfortunately, Palestine is not the

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only worrisome area in the Middle East. To most Americans, political conditions in Lebanon, the very pattern of life there, in fact, is even more obscure than the tangled situation in Palestine. Lebanon—geographically at least—is a part of the Arab world, and if the problems of the Arab world are to be successfully dealt with by the United States, then all factors of the problem must be known. The Lebanese factor is of particular importance because the problems of that small country are pressing and because it is the only Christian country in the Middle East.

Of all the places for which the distinction is claimed, it can be most truly said of Lebanon that it is the point in the world where East and West meet. It is the area where the culture of the Northern Hittites met with the cultures of Egypt, Babylon and Syria, and it is the place where the cultures of Greece and Rome encountered the influences of the Oriental cultures and traditions.

Today the population of Lebanon amounts to a little more than a million people, a population which is amazingly mixed, containing, among many others, Christian, Jewish and Moslem elements. The Christian majority is very large—about eight hundred thousand people, mainly Roman Catholics. Almost as amazing as the racial and cultural mixture in Lebanon is the fact that these conflicting racial and religious strains have, for the most part, managed to live in what, for the Middle East, constitutes unusual harmony. And it is this very harmony which is in serious danger of being destroyed by activities of the present Lebanese Government.

Lebanon became an independent republic in 1943, and is recognized as such by the United Nations. Until quite recently, the various minorities which are represented within the State have served as a natural system of checks and balances which has made it possible for each community to preserve its own cultural and spiritual qualities within the general and unified social-political character of the country. The independence of Lebanon is today threatened by a number of exterior pressures, and the most disheartening feature of the prospect for continued Lebanese independence is the fact that the incumbent Lebanese government is, by its very nature, prone to give in to these pressures. The result of such a capitulation would mean the disappearance of an independent Lebanon and the extinction of the civil minorities. The traditional character of Lebanon which, more than anything else, is responsible for the preservation of minority privileges within the Republic, is in imminent danger of being snuffed out.

The Arab League constitutes the greatest single threat to Lebanese independence. Lebanese fear of the designs of the Arab League is no mere chimera; it is based on a long series of quite open declarations on the part of prominent members of the League. A number of the most threatening declarations of Arab purpose have been aired within the last five or six years. In 1944, after his return from that year's convention of the Arab League, the late Prime Minister of Syria, Sadallah Beh al-Jabri, informed the Syrian Parliament that the psychological aim of the Arab League would be to create total Arab unity. The first step in such a program, he informed the Parliament, would be the formation of a Greater Syria, to include Syria, Transjordania, Palestine, and, of course, Lebanon. This Greater Syria objective is constantly repeated in the Egyptian *Weekly Magazine* and other papers. King Abdullah of Transjordania has never made a secret of his wish to sit on the throne of the proposed Greater Syria.

Unfortunately for the Lebanese, Arab League aspirations are constantly encouraged by the British. From the British point of view, a most desirable arrangement would be the establishment of a Greater Syria under British guidance. This possibility is more than a dream. Not long ago, the late al-Jabri of Syria, addressed a memorandum to the British General Spears, who was a wartime British representative in the Levant, in which he promised his assistance to the British as a consequence of aid rendered by the British on behalf of Syrian aspirations. It is not my purpose to accuse the British of total lack of feeling and regard for the independence of a small nation. The British, alas, are compelled to bargain effectively with members of the Arab League if their influence, as opposed to Russian influence, is to be maintained in the Middle East.

In addition to these exterior British, Arab, and in a more remote sense, Russian pressures which are now being applied against Lebanese independence, there are also undermining forces at work within the Republic itself. The most dangerous of these is the Syrian National Party of Lebanon, under the direction of Antoun Saadi. The ultimate objective of Saadi's party is implied in its name.

★

At the beginning of this article, I dwelt at some length on the character of the present Lebanese Government because it is that character which constitutes the final element necessary to bring about the disappearance of the Lebanese Republic. It is the will of the Lebanese people to resist Lebanese participation in a Greater Syria, or in anything like it. But such is not the will of their government, most of whose members are favorably disposed toward union with a greater segment of the Arab League. It was knowledge of the pressures being brought against

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the Republic and a fear of future reprisals (by their own government or by a government soon to be imposed upon them) which discouraged at least half the Lebanese voting population at the recent Parliamentary elections.

The question, then, is how can the continued independence of the Republic of Lebanon be assured—in spite of threats against that independence from without, and in spite of the obvious intentions of the Lebanese Government? The Lebanese are well aware of the direction from which help must come, but they are not at all certain that the source of that help—the United States—is willing to act, or that it will act in time.

What the great majority of Lebanese consider to be the first necessary step toward guaranteeing the independence of their Republic is this: the United States, acting through the United Nations and in company with France (because of the considerable French economic and cultural stake in Lebanon) should warn predatory members of the Arab League that America is aware of the threat to Lebanese independence and feels it necessary to guarantee that independence. Such a guarantee would be greatly strengthened—as would the moral standing of the signers—if Russia and England also became partners to it. And it would be totally effective, if the Arab League, as a proof of good will, were encouraged to sign.

The suggestion is not fantastic, and it would not mean, as some might suggest, that Lebanese independence was being sacrificed to the United States and France, rather than to members of the Arab League. There is a great difference between a guarantee and a loss of independence. Furthermore, there is a precedent for this suggested course of action. In 1860, following a massacre of Christians in Lebanon, the great powers of that moment acted jointly to guarantee the autonomy of Lebanon and to safeguard the rights of its Christian inhabitants.

One might also point out at this juncture that there is also, in contemporary Lebanese history, a precedent for quite a different kind of action. Shortly after the first World War, Riad As-Solh, present Lebanese Prime Minister, accompanied by several members of the Lebanese parliament, went to Syria with the intention of handing Lebanon over to the late King Feisal of Syria. Fortunately for the eight hundred thousand Christians in Lebanon, As-Solh and his friends were intercepted by the French General Gouraud and sent into exile. Nevertheless, the memory of their intention lingers on in Lebanon and, in the eyes of most Lebanese, makes the need for a guarantee on the part of the great powers led by the United States more desirable than ever.

Lebanon is a small country, but that does not make the threat to its independence any less real and painful. The importance of Lebanese independence can be pleaded on the grounds that it is a predominently Christian State as well as being the refuge and shelter of all the minorities of the Middle East. The case for it can be pleaded just as effectively, however, on the grounds that the independence of any state, regardless of its size or cultural-religious character, is a matter of supreme importance at this moment in world history. By acting through the United Nations to guarantee the independence of Lebanon the United States would be striking a blow for freedom everywhere.

The French Priest

M. R. Desobry

FRANCE now is a "missionary country." That is the title Father Godin gave to a recent book of his, and there is no denying that France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," with her cathedrals all over the country, romanesque churches, modern churches and convents, has now to be reconverted to the Faith. There is also no denying that all the Christian world has to be converted all over again to the Faith. It is not just that a catastrophe has happened to France; it is that a catastrophe is happening all the time, throughout all the centuries, to all the living, and that we all have to be reconverted every day, every year, every generation. Nothing stays achieved. Everything has always to be begun all over again.

In the Lorraine-Dietrich factory, at Argenteuil outside Paris, Father Godin found 15 Christians out of 3,000 workmen. A factory in Courbevoie had 10 Christians out of 1,700. We have known about the factories for a long time; the Pope has talked about the workmen who no longer are Christians; that is nothing new. But look at the cities. In 1940 a parish in a French city had a mission. The mission was a great success. One thousand people came to the mission. The trouble is that there were 20,000 souls in the parish. Or take the case of Montreuil. There are three parishes grouping 2,122 practicing Catholic adults. Then a lot of people come to church on

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the great feast days so that on Palm Sunday, in 1943, there were 3,610 people in the churches. To this figure you can add 1,757 children. That makes 5,367 Christians. The trouble is that Montreuil has 70,000 inhabitants.

That is the way it is in France—but that also is the way it is in all the Christian countries all over the world, and the sad thing is also that we refuse to see the facts as they are, and we look at all these countries with Christian names, peacefully asleep or not peacefully, with a Christian tradition that is no longer active. So that it would be a mistake to judge France too harshly. Certainly it would be a mistake to judge France without some knowledge of what the French priesthood, the French Catholic laymen, are doing to bring God to the people.

The spectacle is an extraordinary one. Everywhere, in every political and social movement, in all the different fields of action, life and thought, there is new, rejuvenated and vital Christian action at work. Everywhere the effects of Divine Grace are almost physically apparent. Everywhere there is a fervor, an enthusiasm and a generosity worthy of the early ages of the Church. It is perhaps because French Catholics have come so very close to the danger that threatens all the world that their combat in defense of the truth is so sharply carried on.

Bienheureux les temps qui nous forcent à ne pas dormir.

In a subsequent article it may be possible for me to speak of what the French Christian laymen are doing; here, I can only give a brief note about what the French clergy is doing. In the simplest and most direct manner they are doing what the Gospel tells them to do.

French priests are realists. They have lost confidence in words; they are tired of words; they are aware that the workmen of France and the people of France are unwilling to listen to words even if the words are those of the truth. The French priests have looked at the spiritual situation of their country and they have seen it for what it is; they have seen that the spiritual situation of their country is not unlike the spiritual situation of the rest of the world; they have seen the desperate spiritual need of their country, and of the world. I could produce hundreds of reports from French priests which show that they face the facts and it is very moving to see how frankly they face them.

The result is that the great majority of French priests are now men who are living in a constant state of anguish. I mean by this that they no longer are simply administrators, honorable administrators, of their parishes, happy administrators living peacefully in their rectories; they are no longer simply priests who administer the sacraments; they no longer are content with their small number of parishioners even if they are respected by them, honored by them—even if the parishioners provide them with a pleasant living. All that kind of life, the settled life of the settled priest—if it ever existed—is over.

When the pastor of a city parish sees a thousand, two thousand, three thousand parishioners in his church of a Sunday, when he sees that these are real Catholics, active in works, fervent in Faith—he still is a man living in a state of anguish, because he sees also those ten thousand, those twenty thousand, sometimes those fifty thousand other parishioners of his, who have perhaps never once heard pronounced the name of Christ, their Savior.

There have always been fervent priests; all over the world there have always been priests who made one think of the Curé of Ars or of Don Bosco. But in France now it is not a question of a few exceptionally fervent priests. Speaking in the most objective manner possible it can be said that almost all French priests from the newly-appointed young vicar to the bishops, from the priests in the country to the priests in the factory districts of the cities, all of them live in a constant state of love and anguish because they are looking directly—they force themselves to look directly—at the pagan and material convulsions that spread throughout the world.

They think that they have been to blame; they think that there is something wrong in their Christian apostolate that has made it unsuccessful; they are looking for a way to change things.

We must not forget that French priests have had the advantage, in these recent and terrible years, of very close contact with the French people. Perhaps never in history have the French clergy come into such close contact. French priests were soldiers, officers, chaplains, in the war. French priests go to the wars like anyone else. And in the war they met Frenchmen of all beliefs, and of none; with them, they shared captivity in Germany; they shared the same meals, the same prison cells, sometimes the same torture, always the same suffering.

When France fell—and resisted—there were French priests in the maquis accompanying the men of the Resistance Movement. They were not there to fight; they were there because they could not desert thousands of young Frenchmen who had gone to the mountains, the forests, in order not to betray their country. The French priests had to be with them because these Frenchmen fighting the Germans needed to know, needed to be told, the fundamental reasons, the basic truths of Christianity, which alone give meaning to all action, even to the most heroic action, on this earth. Performing this mission some of these French priests died. A Jesuit, Father de Montcheuil, was shot by the Germans while attending maquis wounded in a mountain cave.

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And other French priests followed French conscript labor to Germany. They were volunteers —no chaplains were allowed—they were volunteers disguised as laborers, as electricians, and their spiritual influence on their unhappy compatriots was greater—because they were present —than that of the greatest bishops, who were not present. (There was a young Jesuit, Father Santu, stage hand at the Munich Opera House who gave Communion to his French comrades in the wings while, on stage, Siegfried would be drawing his sword, Wotan thundering.)

★

This hard experience produced definite results. We were forced by events out of our rectories and our convents and we met the real French people, all the French people, and that meant not only friendship and understanding with people who never would have thought that they could have talked to a priest, but it meant also that we were made to realize the extent to which God is absent, and the Church is absent, from the masses of our compatriots.

And all these priests found themselves faced with this question. Had they not been too immersed in their little parishes? Taking care too exclusively of the faithful of their parishes, had they not ended by neglecting the immense crowd of the unbelievers, the poor especially, the proletariat? Had they not neglected the poor who are without God and without happiness, this great body of the poor for whom Christ came?

The answer the French priests gave to the question was a simple one: they would be poor and they would be inseparable from the poor. They would not only preach the truth; they would live the truth; they would give witness to the truth in their own lives; and the first testimony they would give would be the testimony of poverty. The priests, and even more the men in religious orders, would be poor as Christ was poor.

Once again it is not of a few exceptional priests that I am writing. I think of individuals who are leading this life of deliberately accepted poverty, but they are so numerous that it is impossible not to repeat that they form a most important part of the French clergy. Sometimes it is an individual who acts, sometimes it is an entire religious community.

Father Loew, a Dominican, became a longshoreman in the port of Marseilles. He loaded and unloaded ships and it was not easy work because he is not a strong man. He found out what it is to do hard work, and he could guess what it is to do this work year after year when you have no hope of ever reaching anything else. He lived with all the cosmopolitan workers of a Mediterranean port, in a room in the slums. He still lives there, in the same room, but now that he knows the people, and is known to them, he wears once again his Dominican habit and, because he has shared, and shares, the life of the slums, he can speak to the poor of the slums about Christ and the people love him, and through him, they are able to know and love Christ.

There are many other priests who have done what Father Loew has done—individually. But it is the same profound inspiration, which created the collective "Paris Mission," founded in 1942, that has sent priests into the factories, priests to live the life, deliberately, that the poor live under compulsion in the sad suburban proletarian districts of Paris—in order to bring the hope that the priest bears with him through his belief, and through the graces that are given his condition, to those who are hopeless, and yet who are beleaguered by the grace which seeks to reach all men.

But the most important, fundamentally, of all the activities now being carried out by French priests is the effort to renew the life of the parish. The parish is still the natural unit and always will remain the natural unit. In the parish the people find the Mass and the Sacraments; the people live in the Mass and in the Sacraments. That has always been the way; there will never be any change; the Mass, the Sacraments, the people of the parish, the parishes of a country, the parishes all over the world; that is Christianity and the Church in this world, and it is a holy and sacred union, and it will never change.

But sometimes it looks as if no one knew very much about what was happening, as if everything had become so much a habit that no one was very deeply affected by what is happening in the parish, or at Mass, or what life is with the Sacraments. There is that passage from Claudel:

> Le Curé (dans cette église de Paris que je sais), après qu'il a chanté le Credo, quand il dit: Dominus Vobiscum,
>
> Se retourne vers l'assistance qui est de femmes et d'enfants et il a encore pas mal d'hommes,
>
> Tout cela tout de même qui est là pour dire la messe avec lui et qui est son petit troupeau.
>
> L'un fait semblant de lire dans un livre et l'autre est bien embarrassé de son chapeau.
>
> Ce n'est pas que se soit interessant, et ce n'est pas positivement que l'on s'ennuie,
>
> Chacun sait simplement qu'on est là pour attendre que ce soit fini.

And too often it is precisely that way in the parish and in the churches: a certain number of the faithful are there because they have always been there, and it is not that it is a bore, or that it is very interesting, it is just that they are there for the purpose of waiting until it is over—and then they will not be there until next Sunday.

The French priests now are changing that. In these new, or renewed, parishes all the opera singing is out. All the curious flat and silly little

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hymns are silenced. (Quite often they were theologically inacceptable.) Now there is the dialogue between the priest at the altar and the people. The priest officiates facing the people (*coram populo*). And that is an old custom, forgotten and now renewed. The people know that they are at the renewed sacrifice of Calvary and they take part in it; they do not just assist at it.

When young people come to the rectory and ask how much it will cost them to have a really good Mass for their marriage, the priest tells them that there is no such thing as a First Class Mass or a First Class Funeral. Among the people of the parish there are no longer any classes.

Everything that is the life of the people is brought into relationship with the life of the parish. I have said already that French priests are doing quite simply what the Gospel tells them to do. They are bringing to their parishes the life of the early days of the Church when everything was new, and no one was in a parish at all unless he believed, and the parishes lived because the members of the parish were brothers and sisters with this new and amazing belief that united them, and their earthly parish was a prefiguration of the happiness which was to come.

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For this work you need vocations, but France has always been a country that furnishes vocations. France is the country which at the turn of the century expelled the religious orders; France closed the Grande Chartreuse and the monasteries and the convents—and never has the monastic life been as strong and as flourishing as it is today. I can say that in the Dominican Convent of Saint Jacques, in Paris, never, for centuries, have we had as many novices as in the last six years. And I know a Benedictine Monastery which will have four hundred monks ten years from now, if there is no change in the present rate of vocations.

There was a time when certain men entered the priesthood because they would have a house with a garden, or a career at court, or in diplomacy. It happens to have been a time, also, when a great number of men entered the priesthood and became theologians and saints or went off to distant countries as missionaries. But the young man now who enters the priesthood or the religious orders does so solely for the love of God and his fellow-men—in France particularly for the love of his fellow-men who are threatened, poor and despairing. One can build on that kind of vocation.

There was a time also, not remote, when the Superior of a Seminary could make his first little speech to the young men who had come in order to be made priests and could start it with these words: "Gentlemen, this first year we shall talk about zeal. A good priest must be zealous. But first of all I must warn you to be prudent. The virtue of prudence . . . naturally I am bound to be afraid of your zeal, your enthusiasms, because of course that means errors, and nothing is worse than errors."

In France, today, what we say to the seminarians is this: "You come to us filled with ardor, generosity and enthusiasm. Hold on to your ardor, your generosity, your enthusiasm through all the days of your life. You will need them. You have an immense task to accomplish. You have the world to save and to bring back to Christ."

Peace and Prejudice

GEORGE H. DUNNE

IF WE ARE going to achieve the kind of a world we want to achieve it is not going to be by means of diplomacy, or political manipulations, or power blocs. We shall get the kind of a world we want, a world in which peace and justice reign, only if the peoples of the world succeed in establishing a solid basis of friendship among themselves.

I do not deny that politics and diplomacy and international conferences are important; but far more important is the attitude of the people of the United States towards each other and toward the people in Europe, in Latin America, in the Far East.

If we cannot establish friendship between ourselves at home, it is idle to expect that we shall be able to establish friendship with peoples abroad. It is sheer hypocrisy to talk about establishing friendly relations with the people in Latin America while refusing to live together on a basis of friendship with our fellow-citizens who are of Latin American descent. It is silly to talk about world friendship, which means among other things friendship with people of color, when we cannot live in friendship with people of color here in our own community. It is sheer cant to talk about friendship with the people in Africa and India and China and Japan and the Philippines and Burma and Siam and Indochina and in a large part of Russia, when here at home we refuse to permit anyone whose ancestors came from these and many other lands to live in the same neighborhood with us upon the ground that they are not Caucasians, whatever a Caucasian is. . . .

What have we to offer the people of the world that is better than communism? Well, let us see. A large proportion of the people in the world are people of color. What do we have to offer

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them? Democracy, you say. What does democracy mean to them? We claim to be a democracy, the great democracy. So they take us at our word and they look to America to see what democracy means. What do they see? People of color everywhere treated with contempt, shunned like lepers, relegated to the position of second-class citizens, shut up in over-crowded ghettoes, not permitted to live in the same neighborhood with the arrogant colorless people, shut out of schools, out of restaurants, out of employment, forced to ride in special compartments on trains, on buses, imprisoned in a prison of prejudice, discrimination, segregation.

So, they say, that is democracy. No thank you. I'll have none of the same. They look to the Soviet Union and what do they see? They see that whatever disabilities a man suffers he does not suffer them simply because of the color of his skin. They see that whatever other tests may be required, whether a man be colorful or colorless is not a test of anything.

I am not discussing the question of whether or not racial prejudice and discrimination have been really eliminated entirely from the Soviet Union or whether such claims are exaggerated. I am not discussing the academic question of whether or not a different historical and sociological background makes comparison with this country unfair. I am only saying that this is what people of color think they see when they look at the Soviet Union. It is not even important whether what they think they see is what is really there. The important thing is that they think that it is there.

What do we have to say to them? Well, we shall probably say that in the Soviet Union they would not enjoy freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of religion. We shall be wasting our breath. The freedoms which people regard as vitally important are those the denial of which they most grievously feel here and now. To the person of color denied the most fundamental of all rights, of all freedoms, the recognition of his equal dignity as a human person, the question of the other human freedoms must seem rather academic. . . .

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The progressive is one who is dedicated to the liberation of man from every force, condition, and circumstance that frustrates his full realization of himself as a human person. That is the ideal to which every Christian should be dedicated. That is what both Aristotle and Saint Thomas Aquinas meant by the Common Good which they held to be both the formal and the final cause of the political community.

We have been saying the same thing ever since. Our school books affirm it, our newspapers proclaim it, our politicians declaim it. Yet all of the time that we have been proclaiming it we have been contradicting it in practice; first through slavery and then after slavery through another form of servitude in some respects a great deal worse than overt slavery, the servitude of racial segregation.

Racial segregation, in any form, is a direct denial of the basic equality of men. What do we mean when we say that all men are created equal? We mean that all men are possessed of exactly the same human nature and therefore equally possessed of whatever dignity is proper to human nature and therefore equally possessed of whatever inalienable rights are rooted in the dignity of that nature. It means that or you cannot say that it means anything at all.

The nature of man is that of an intellectual substance. That is what the Judaeo-Christian tradition means when it affirms that man is made in the image and likeness of God. As Thomas Aquinas long ago pointed out, the entire dignity of man consists precisely in this that by nature he is an intellectual substance.

The central point of this is very simple but very meaningful. It is that by definition whatever being is man is intellectual substance. If it is not intellectual substance it is not man whatever else it might be. So the whole point is that whatever beings are men, whether they be tall or short, fat or lean, white or black, brown or red, are in exactly the same sense intellectual substances. And the necessary corollary of this is that whatever beings are men, whether they be tall or short, fat or lean, white or black, brown or red, are possessed in exactly the same sense of whatever dignity is attached to the nature of an intellectual substance. Whatever accidental differences and inequalities may exist between them, whether by birth or wealth or opportunity or environment or heredity or whatever, in this essential thing they are equal and equally dignified.

The malice of racial segregation and discrimination in any form is that it is in effect a denial of precisely this essential equality of nature. Racial segregation in effect says to people of color: "However equal and even superior you may be in all accidental respects, you are inferior in nature." And this is an exact inversion of truth. What else does it mean when a Negro who is possessed of all the intellectual and moral virtues, who is graceful, handsome, clean, is told that he cannot live in a neighborhood in which a white person who is morally depraved, intellectually impoverished, physically unattractive, socially unclean is permitted to live without objection?

So I say again that throughout history we have by our practice of racial segregation consistently contradicted the ideal of equality which we pro-

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fess to stand for. Just as an individual cannot forever live an integral life if he suffers from a psycho-neurosis, neither can a culture forever survive if it carries within it the elements of a psycho-neurotic condition. Our culture does just that.

A psycho-neurotic state is caused by a basic inner conflict between deeply rooted principles and an actual pattern of behavior. That conflict has got to be resolved by synchronizing principles and behavior. Otherwise the whole personality is unbalanced and eventually disintegrates. It is the same with a culture.

A successful, sane, integral culture cannot be built upon professed principles that are consistently contradicted in practice. This kind of a conflict is analogous to a condition of psycho-neurosis. (And who can deny that the whole pattern of racial behavior in this country bears all the characteristics of a psycho-neurosis?) Either that conflict will be resolved by bringing practice into line with our professed principles and ideals or our culture will disintegrate. . . .

There are millions of people in these United States who are subjected to a pattern of prejudice and segregation which frustrates their efforts to realize themselves as human persons. They are subjected to such handicaps and disadvantages that only an extraordinary individual is able to surmount them and to develop fully the potentialities of his nature.

Democracy can never rest content so long as there are members of the community who suffer from disabilities, whatever their nature, which prevent them from realizing themselves. Democracy can never rest content until it has emancipated them from these disabilities.

The Screen

Choose Your Thrill

WHEN a picture is as brutal and forceful as *"Brute Force,"* one can hardly pass over it lightly either with words of praise or adverse criticism. Mark Hellinger's production and cast are excellent; and from a cinematic point of view, Director Jules Dassin has used his camera exceedingly well to tell an unpleasant but moving story. Actually it's an old story: the rebellion of those who are confined against those in authority. In this case the locale is a penitentiary and those in authority are weak or cruel while the prisoners are big strong brutes with an obvious ax to grind. We know little about the prisoners' past (except for short flashbacks in several instances that show the men with their women immediately before or after committing their crimes) so we must presume that each man has been justly sentenced. What we do see, however, is the penitentiary mismanagement, particularly the cruelty of the captain of the guards. This rôle is expertly played by Hume Cronyn with touches of mental and physical sadism as extreme as any displayed in war films about nazis at their vicious worst. (In fact the characterization is decorated with nazi symbols—

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German music, trappings, etc.—so the parallel is not accidental.) In contrast there are the mealy-mouthed warden (Roman Bohnen) who is afraid of losing his job and the big-hearted doctor (Art Smith) who hits the bottle to avoid life's grimmer aspects—of which he sees plenty. Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford, Sam Levene, Howard Duff, John Hoyt and others give stirring portraits of tough, hardened convicts.

Although the picture does not whitewash their crimes, it succeeds in winning our sympathy to these convicts. Even after the scene in which the revengeful prisoners maul and kill a stool-pigeon (a scene that is as difficult to watch as the one in which the captain tortures an inmate) we are inclined to hope they will be successful in their jail-break. That cannot be, of course, for then the film would run on indefinitely. Instead it ends in a slaughter scene in which practically all the principals are killed. I cannot understand what this movie, for all its effective cinema, is trying to say. Is it merely an exercise in brutality? Or providing thrills for sensation seekers? Is it a Dickensian tract pleading for prison reform? I'm sure I don't know, but I can see how a vivid picture like "Brute Force" could do more harm than good. Furthermore it proposes its most baffling problem at its negative ending; after the unsuccessful break, when more bodies are lying around than in the last act of "Hamlet," the doctor says directly to the audience: "Why do they do it? Nobody ever really escapes."

There are two other thrillers this week, but anything else seems pale beside "Brute Force." A mystery item called *"Cry Wolf"* gains its effects mainly through the edgy atmosphere that prevails in and around the large Massachusetts country home where the action occurs. A widow (Barbara Stanwyck) arrives at this house of mourning much to the surprise of the family who didn't know that the deceased was married. She soon reveals that this was a recent marriage of convenience to help the young man get his inheritance held by Uncle Mark, and it was to be followed by divorce in six months. Naturally Uncle Mark (Errol Flynn) is suspicious of the widow; and the widow has cause to be more than suspicious of Uncle Mark when she is not allowed to see the body and when Mark's niece (played by an attractive newcomer: Geraldine Brooks) begins to act very strange indeed. Furthermore the mausoleum-like house is enough to give anyone the willies—what with weird noises in the night, dour servants who keep turning up when not wanted, and Mark's mysterious laboratory in a locked wing of the house. Peter Godfrey has directed all this to keep you in a chilled state of suspense; and he succeeds in making you jump out of your seat every now and then as Miss Stanwyck bravely goes about finding out what's what in this creepy place. Unfortunately none of the characters is very sympathetic and the explanation at the end taxes your credulity too much; but by that time you've had your jitters—and that's all you can expect out of "Cry Wolf."

"Green for Danger" is an English murder mystery, not in the best style, but done with enough English restraint to make its crime-and-detection story seem credible. Its opening scenes are a trifle confusing because they are so crowded with characters and carefully planted motives for the murders that follow. Most of the principals are doctors and nurses in a hospital during the war; and the first victim is done in on an operating table while under anesthetic. There is something rather frightening about the faces of medicos masked in white, and Director Sidney Gilliat makes the most of these antiseptic figures in several very scary scenes. Sally Gray, Rosamund John, Trevor Howard and Leo Genn portray the most obvious suspects. However, the picture's greatest fault is that it is over-jammed with suspects whose behavior might easily lead to crime. What saves this movie from being dull is the presence of Alastair Sim as the Scotland Yard inspector who guesses wrong as often as he finds the right solution and whose casual manner provides an amusing contrast to the frenzied medical staff. "Green for Danger" won't appeal to moviegoers who like their thrillers tough and murderful but it should be eaten up by those who prefer, above all else, a very, very British film.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Courage and Brains and Persistence

"IF at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The old platitude rolls smoothly from the tongue. So smoothly, in fact, that the contrast alone between the facility of saying it and the difficulty of doing it should make you shrink from its use, even if you have no distaste for corn.

In New York City there is a small local (about 1600 members) of the United Hatters, Cap & Millinery Workers, AFL. This local is called Millinery Blockers Local 42. Its members are largely Jewish, and you can tell they are blockers by the look of their hands, which are large and tough, and by the look of their hats, which are smooth and shiny.

Local 42 has been controlled for many years by a group of men who seems to have certain liberal pretensions, combined with certain illiberal practices. The top officer, one Max Goldman, makes some $170 a week in salary and expenses, which is pretty nice moula for a local of only 1600 members. Meetings have been called irregularly and without proper notice, discrimination has marked the handing out of jobs, election machinery has looked more like the old shell game than otherwise, and so on and so forth.

The Taft-Hartley Bill will not change any of these practices. But there is something else that appeared, for a time at least, to have changed them. And that is the courage and brains and persistence of the rank-and-file group in Local 42 which is known as the Blockers' Movement. It has been fighting the good fight for over ten years. Over the last four-and-a-half years it has received a good deal of assistance from the ACTU and the Catholic Labor Defense League, which, incidentally, is some kind of commentary on the charge that the organizations exist only to promote Catholic blocs in the labor movement. Because the Blockers' Movement, like the union itself, is mainly Jewish in membership. They also received some

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help from the law firm of (Vito) Marcantonio & Pinto, which is a commentary on the fact that there are not enough Catholic lawyers who are willing to assist the CLDL in its unpaid endeavors in behalf of the poor.

Over the years leaders of the Blockers' Movement were, for their efforts, suspended from full membership so that they could not run for office or even attend union meetings. Others were punished by the local officials in similar cute and vicious ways. But still they persisted. They developed speakers; they learned parliamentary law; they printed leaflets; they talked and button-holed and talked. With the help of their lawyers three of them—Moe Brickman, Dave Sternbech and Salvator Cosentino—took their cases to court.

The union officials began to worry, and finally, when it had reached the point wthere they could feel the hot breath of the judge on their necks, they caved in and signed an agreement. They would reinstate the suspended members and recommend changes in the local by-laws to provide for: 1) regular meetings, with proper notice; 2) minutes of all executive board meetings to be read at membership meetings; 3) a special job assignment committee, to be elected by secret ballot; 4) greatly improved election machinery.

The changes were gladly ratified by the membership. This was in May. At the very next meeting, in June, the opposition won a smashing victory when the membership voted 2 to 1 by secret ballot, as provided for by the new by-laws, to adopt a budget that would cut the salaries of the three top officers to a figure more in keeping with the size and wealth of the membership. Success at last! On a later, show-of-hands vote the opposition won by about seven-to-one. It looked like a bandwagon.

But that was in June. In July the local officials, apparently convinced that desperate measures alone would save their jobs, began to play fast and loose with the agreement. First, they ignored the vote that cut their salaries. Second, they were two weeks late calling a membership meeting. Third, they refused to read the minutes of the executive board meeting. Fourth, they by-passed the new job assignment committee and handed out jobs to friends, just as in the old days.

There is only one important provision of the agreement that they have not yet violated, and that is the one embodying new election machinery. The election is scheduled for October. It will be interesting to see what happens. Since the rank-and-file leaders have behind them an agreement which carries the weight of a court decree, it would appear that they are in a pretty strong position.

But what of all the union oppositions that can't find lawyers to get court decrees for them free of charge? How are they to be assured of honest elections? It takes no labor expert to tell you that an opposition that can't be sure of a fair break in the ballot-counting is going into the ring with both hands tied.

It is for these reasons that many people in the labor movement (usually not in official capacity, however) feel that some kind of government supervision of union elections might be justified. It might be dangerous, yes. But it might be much more dangerous to allow union dictators to go their fat and carefree way, while the honest members sink further and further into quiet desperation. After all, it isn't often you run into rank-and-filers with the courage, brains and persistence of the Blockers' Movement.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Writer as Citizen

NANCY LENKEITH

JAMES FARRELL is an honest writer, who serves his art and his reader with discernment. He is concerned with traditional literary values as well as with actual social conditions. His medium is the novel. But he is also a critic, and all the more interesting as a critic for his personal grasp of the problems which confront the artist in a mechanized society. His third volume of literary criticism, "Literature and Morality,"* is not a general study of the relations between literature and morality, but a collection of essays on specific literary subjects which have, or might have, moral implications. Some of these appeared in the small magazines during 1945 and 1946. They deal with individual writers such as Dreiser, Cain, and G. H. Mead; with the restrictions imposed by moral censorship and commercial standardization; with Hollywood and Publishers' Row; with the smugness of "the *New Yorker* intellectual," and the fallacies of the Party Line adopted by the "Literary Popular Front." The essays on Tolstoy's "War and Peace" are issued here for the first time. The unity of the book lies in the author's attempt to found his criticism on a naturalistic basis, and in his preoccupation with the social consequences of the printed word.

"Literature and Morality" is a call to all serious writers to engage in battle for the defense of their art as a force in social development. The writers' battle is to oppose shoddy standards by creating reading matter that is not trash: "The words we use today and tomorrow will contribute toward either the liberation or the enslavement of men. . . . We must not despise the use of words. And let these be our own words, not the words of those who can buy and control words because they have economic or political power."

Mr. Farrell blames the capitalist system for the standardization of literature. But he is more interested in saving the writer than in damning big business. The situation is not hopeless, even under present circumstances, if the writer will play an active part, for influence cannot

*Literature and Morality. James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $3.00.

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be measured in terms of book sales. Competition between individual publishing houses gives the writer some independence. Free enterprise enables the publisher to remain free of certain trends in public opinion. Mr. Farrell cites Doubleday's publication of the remarkable "War Diary" by Jean Malaquais, a book most critical of the Soviet Union, at a time when one was supposed to avoid criticism of helpful allies. The book, then, is still the freest means of communication in America. And Mr. Farrell thinks that as long as democratic liberties prevail he who is most free will have the most decisive influence.

The modern writer is no Robinson Crusoe. He must help to solve the severe contradictions of the society in which he lives. His function is to expand human awareness, to lead his readers through the double process of self-discovery and improvement. Therefore, Mr. Farrell insists that the writer's words be true representations of nature: "If they are not used to describe and reveal the discoveries which come from an honest and relentless effort to explore to the bitter end the knowledge of experience, then we shall come to despise our own words, and sooner or later, readers and listeners will also despise them." This does not mean that all writing should be serious documentation; but simply that serious subjects be treated seriously and frequently because our social and moral situation is in urgent need of improvement. Mr. Farrell admires the artistry of Henry James, for instance, but claims that he is of minor importance as a moralist. It is true that in the novels of Henry James moral attitudes take the place of moral values; that good and nice, bad and vulgar, are the same thing; that good taste is the rule. Mr. Farrell justly condemns this estheticized morality which leads to snobbery and priggishness. He demands that novelists concern themselves with all classes in society, and particularly with those which are in the greatest need. But he is equally opposed to the apologists of a proletarian literature who want to find the Party Line working out in life, no matter what, and who will tell the author the themes he is to use, and the classes he must write about. What Mr. Farrell wants is a broad human culture, a genuine culture of the people. He thinks that this is possible today, that our present economic prosperity makes it categorically imperative. Either the masses will be educated now, or culture will be lost to them forever. And before they can be educated, they must be understood, portrayed, and explained by the writer.

Mr. Farrell believes that this social function is sufficient to give literature the sanction of morality. This raises the question of the meaning of morality in his Marxian philosophy. The premise upon which morality is established is the condemnation of the exploitation of man by man. But on what grounds does Marx condemn the exploitation of man by man? Not because master and servant are brothers "in the flesh and in the Lord," as Saint Paul says in his Epistle to Philemon. Marx condemns social injustice because it is a deformation of nature. As Mr. Farrell puts it, "capitalist society creates the conditions which deform the human nature of both the exploited and the exploiter who therefore pay a moral price." Thus man is at the same time determined by the material conditions of his existence, and himself the source of all the moral values which serve to improve these conditions. Only the most relativistic and contingent morality can rest upon this paradox. Marxian morality amounts to a rebellion against economic oppression, and to a defense of the future material interests of the oppressed. Can the present generation of writers be asked to sacrifice itself to the economic emancipation of the next generation, to deny its own material interests for only the material interests of others?

Nevertheless, Marxian morality explains Mr. Farrell's demand for naturalism in literature. Since social evolution is subject to natural laws, since class-warfare is a necessary consequence of economic conditions, the individual's moral freedom rests entirely in his ability to understand the determinism of nature. Thus the writer is not asked to express his own intellectual or spiritual convictions, to make an independent choice, but only to describe the conditions of life in society. He is an informer, not a reformer. In fact, the writer as an individual cannot even reform himself, or expand his own personality. Improvement must come from the masses, who raise their members to a higher level by absorbing them into their own collective progress. Mr. Farrell's optimism about the function of the writer in society conceals a great pessimism regarding the writer's own emancipation. It is difficult also to understand how the writer can be free to protest if he is determined by material conditions as the victim of bourgeois capitalism. Mr. Farrell has to admit, as we have seen, that the free competition of capitalist publishers gives the writer a certain independence.

The four essays on Tolstoy present him as an unconscious Marxian informer. Indeed, both Tolstoy and Marx agree that the human will is impotent in the face of historical events, and minimize the personal impact of the "great man." For Tolstoy, however, the will of history is the will of Providence, and the great man an instrument in the hands of the Deity. Tolstoy was a firm believer in the self-regeneration of the individual, and he disposed of Marxian theories in a sweeping little essay, "What is Art?" Mr. Farrell is less sweeping in his Marxian interpretation of "War and Peace" as a moral panorama of Tsarist feudal nobility. His point is that Tolstoy's characters cannot find freedom within their social class without paying a moral price. Pierre Bezuhov, for instance, tries to emancipate his serfs, but fails. He reaches his end only when he meets the peasant Platon, and identifies himself with humanity, that "swarm of human beings." Natasha Rostov, "who represents humanity," laughs and sings until life becomes too much for her. "Her sorrows," Mr. Farrell explains, "are induced by necessity, expressed in the force and prejudices of class convention." When she finds happiness within her class, she has become a severe mother, who no longer laughs and sings. This is the moral price. Mr. Farrell, however, does not have the conceit of history. He admits that Tolstoy is positively reactionary in his treatment of General Kutuzov, the personification of Tsarist Russia, who is elevated above Napoleon; that Tolstoy emphasizes humanity rather than social classes. But he claims that, in the characterization of Pierre and Natasha, Tolstoy was influenced by the very currents he opposed. Is it necessary to accept this contradiction? Pierre is not a fatalist, but he is subject to fate. He finds moral freedom, not where he expects it to be, but suddenly, when it is given to him by the Deity. The peasant is sent to him, and he submits. The peasant represents a simplicity of heart which is not alien to any class, not even to the nobility, and which Pierre brings to his family life with

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Natasha. Nor is it necessary to assume that Natasha has paid a moral price to her class because she has sacrificed her *joie de vivre* to family responsibilities. Tolstoy may simply have meant that moral freedom should be sought even at the cost of natural spontaneity. In any case, Mr. Farrell's analysis of Tolstoy is most rewarding, for he never lets his Marxian theories dull his historical sensitivity.

It should not be forgotten, however, that Tolstoy, in spite of his doctrine of non-resistance, had an indirect influence on the Russian Revolution. He anticipated the necessity for social change. If "War and Peace" had been more carefully read, the cataclysm of 1917 might have been avoided. Writers of this generation may help to avoid another cataclysm. Mr. Farrell invites them to active resistance, to a fair fight with destiny. "It may be," he says, "that we shall go down in such a fight. But only if we wage that fair fight do we have any hope of controlling that destiny." Mr. Farrell's dynamism, the integrity of his anti-Stalinist convictions, and his spirit of self-sacrifice are a challenge to Christian writers. Marxians are not the only ones who believe they have a kingdom to fight for. The absoluteness of Christian morality imposes even greater obligations upon the writer. This does not mean that Christian literature should treat only of virtue. Since human nature is sinful, sin is essentially the subject of the Christian novel; but sin treated as such, with no insidious apology. A profound Christianity expressed in literature could thus operate a reconciliation between the mysticism of the Middle Ages and the worldliness of capitalist society. For the meaning of life is enhanced, not destroyed, by the belief that it is a preparation for death and eternal life. In fact, Christian writers have no choice in the matter: they must use their words to protest as long as there is anything to protest about. They have no hope of controlling their destiny, but they cannot go down unless they lose their faith.

More Books of the Week

Twentieth Century Congress 1947. *Estes Kefauver and Dr. Jack Levin. Duell.* $3.00.

NO MORE ABLE, far-sighted and industrious Congressman than Estes Kefauver serves the American people. The present work comes as a result of his work on the Joint Committee on the Organization of Congress headed by former Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Jr. The work of this committee provided the basis for the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946, which among other worth-while reforms reduced the number of congressional committees in the Senate from thirty-three to fifteen and in the House from forty-eight to nineteen. This in itself was a major accomplishment, but the main job is to make it stick. Congressman Kefauver admits that only half of the necessary reform to make Congress an efficient instrument of representation and legislation has been accomplished. He sees great danger to the democratic order in a Congress that cannot operate efficiently in normal times and that cannot operate at all in emergencies. He points out that of necessity Congress as presently organized must take directions and orders from the Executive Department and practically surrender most of its functions to that Department when speed and dispatch are needed. He would, therefore, have Cabinet chiefs and the chiefs of major administrative agencies appear before Congress for explanations of and questioning on policies; he would give the District of Columbia home-rule so that the vast amount of local legislation for that area could be taken out of Congress; he would clearly place in the hands of a special board and the courts the large number of private claims that Congress must annually handle; he would install voting by electrical devices to save the time now required for roll calls, particularly in the House; he would abolish the seniority system of selecting congressional committee chairmen; he would create policy committees for working out a program of major legislation in advance; he would have administrative agencies represented on Capitol Hill by competent liaison officials to bridge the gap between legislative and executive departments; finally he would provide congressmen with competent assistants to take from their hands so much of the routine work quite unconnected with legislating.

His style is simple, direct, and convincing. If there is any solution, short of the adoption of the parliamentary system of government, for taking the hopeless kinks out of our outmoded check-and-balance system, Mr. Kefauver has it. The work is a splendid contribution to the cause of civic education. JEROME G. KERWIN.

Give Us Our Dream. Arthémise Goertz. Whittlesey. $2.75.

IT ALL depends on what you expect of a novel, particularly one that is obviously meant for summer reading. If Robert Nathan and Enid Bagnold are necessary to fill your requirements for something light but intelligent enough to keep you awake in a hammock, then this new book will fall short. But if Vicki Baum and the later Somerset Maugham are sufficient to keep you interested on a hot day, then Miss Goertz's story should help you pass a couple of hours.

"Give Us Our Dream" has sort of a "Grand Hotel" plot set in a New York suburb only thirty minutes from Times Square. But its locale is neither grand nor a hotel; rather ordinary people live in these apartments-over-stores in Sunnyside, Long Island. Mainly through the central character, a busybody "blessed" with insomnia, who uses opera glasses to spy on her neighbors and is not adverse to putting her ear to the door, we get to know the other characters quite well. I am not sure that they're worth the trouble, but their comings and goings are faithfully recorded; and after we become acquainted, we just *have* to find out what happens. Perhaps our curiosity is as great as Mrs. Marsan's, even though we may disapprove of a gossipy widow's methods to make life pleasanter and more exciting for the other tenants in this grubby building. Believing that the truth is too naked and that it needs the help of imagination, Mrs. M. goes about fixing up romances, straightening finances and just playing good fairy to neighbors whose dreams finally benefit by her touch.

Mrs. Marsan isn't always in sympathy with all these people, but she decided long ago that "you can't keep human beings from being human." She regrets that the schoolteacher is so interested in "The Fine Gracious Things of Life" that she cannot see the manager of the A&P who loves her. She's sorry that Vivien at forty-five cannot hold her younger and handsome common-law husband who has fallen for the brassy model down the hall.

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Mrs. Marsan, however, can help the young war widow, whose honeymoon was ended by a death telegram from the War Department, and the lame girl who is a victim of her sister's mothering. Romance is Mrs. Marsan's chief medicine and she prescribes and dispenses it in large doses.

Arthémise Goertz understands people well enough; she shows that again and again in her characterizations; but as an author she doesn't know what to do with people after she gets them started. She manages to be amusing in describing the situations, but she settles things too patly. While readers will nod approval at her observations ("The root of all evil was not the love of money, it was the fear of loneliness.") and at her intentions ("I want my characters to tell people what these years have proved to me: that nobody is ever alone in the dark, that the human heart is not merely a muscle," etc., etc.), readers may also wish that the author hadn't disposed of each character so obviously. Life, Miss Goertz, doesn't do that; even though listeners to soap-operas usually think so. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Georgics of Virgil. Translated by C. Day Lewis. Oxford. $2.50.

LANDING, after a night spent on the Atlantic in a rubber boat, a young aviator told an enquirer: "First thing I did I went down on my knees and I kissed that old beach. That's the truth." The gesture is old as Anteus, who conquered because he kissed the mother of us all; as modern as Alyosha who crossed himself not with holy water but with the holy earth. Louis Bromfield's introduction to this new translation of Virgil's "Georgics" reminds us how many of the greatest literary figures chose a rural setting. Voltaire and Pope, no less than Chaucer, were countrymen, and one of the strangest things about the English people is how truly they prefer bird-watching to foreign politics, gardening to the cares of state. Discuss the present discontents with any Londoner, and he will pay polite, if abstracted attention; ask how are his roses, and you let loose the floodgates of his soul. Cecil Day Lewis is a good poet—somewhere midway in age and influence between T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden. He is an ideal translator for Virgil, having the same solidity as well as the same sensitivity, and the same religious sense, that *idos* peculiar to ancient Romans and to Anglo-Saxons, by which field and tree and earth are more holy than "temples made with hands." Mr. Lewis has used a rhythm based on the hexameter, "containing six beats in each line, but allowing much variation of pace and interspersed with occasional short lines of three stresses." His work is completely scholarly, having the august approval of Dr. C. M. Bowra, himself probably the greatest living translator of verse, and of Cyril Connolly, certainly an arbiter of English. As a practical handbook for field and farm, the "Georgics" are as valuable today as when they were written, over 2,000 years ago. ANNE FREMANTLE.

American Communism. James Oneal and W. G. Werner. Dutton. $5.00.

JAMES ONEAL and W. G. Werner have written a thoroughly documented, highly readable account of the communist movement in the United States. Forsaking the usual frenzy which surrounds so much of our discussion of communism, they have preferred to write objectively, letting the record of the communists as they themselves have compiled and written it stand up for examination. The only touch of the sensational was added by the publishers who seemed to feel that a book on communism needed not only a red dust jacket but also a red cover.

"American Communism" was first published by Mr. Oneal, then editor of the *New Leader,* in 1927. Last spring with the assistance of Dr. Werner, Professor of Russian History at the College of the Pacific, Mr. Oneal completed the present revision. Nine new chapters—of which Mr. Oneal contributed four and Dr. Werner five—have been added to the original. Other chapters have been revised and brought up to date and three new appendices have been added. Of these latter the most interesting is the one describing the "Instructions to Communist Factions." The four hundred odd pages of the book seem much less since the story they tell is so important and compelling. Although orderly reading would require the book to be read continuously from the first page on, very little will be lost by reading chapters picked at random. Without meaning to single out particular chapters for praise there are three which in view of current developments stand out: "Financing American Communism," "Communism and American Youth," and "More Fronts and Splits." Here perhaps more than any other place in the book we can see the viciousness and ruthlessness of the communist struggle.

The authors make two statements in their introduction which should be kept in mind whenever and wherever communism is met. The first is ". . . little is known by the readers of this (the American) press regarding American communism." The second is ". . . the American Communist Party is not a political party in the American sense. It is an offshoot of the counter-revolution against the democratic Republic of Russia and an agency of that counter-revolution in this country, an agency pledged to carry out the orders of Russian dictatorship and awaiting *the day* when it believes it can afford to risk an attempt to do the same thing here."

The greatest single aid to communism in the United States is contained in the first statement quoted above. Through ignorance or malice almost every progressive proposal offered in this country has been labeled communistic when first it was suggested. Price control, rationing, the entrance of displaced persons, fair employment practices, and so on and on have all been painted with the red brush. In fact so ridiculous has this indiscriminate red-labeling been carried on that recently in a large Midwestern city portions of Papal encyclicals when quoted without reference to source were called communist propaganda. The ignorant are the tools of the malicious. For the latter we can only offer prayers, but for the former we can offer a suggestion to read the Oneal-Werner book.

There are no better witnesses to the truth of the second quotation than the fate which befell the Socialist, Farmer-Labor, and American Labor Parties when they admitted communists and "fellow-travelers" to their membership. And only at the last minute have many of the trade unions realized their similar mistake in letting the communists gain positions of power in the interest of labor solidarity. It is to the interest of the entire nation that labor be successful where the political parties mentioned above failed.

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Whether "American Communism" is the best book on the subject one cannot say offhand. That it is a good book there can be no argument, except from the communist press. Chapter and verse of the Party's aims are quoted, with the Party usually doing the talking. This makes it rather difficult to refute. For those who wish to write or talk about Communism (with a capital C) this book will be invaluable. Its hundreds of references and its complete index make it an excellent source book.

JAMES B. KELLEY.

The Spirit of Chinese Culture. Francis C. M. Wei. Scribners. $2.75.

THIS admirable series of the Hewett lectures was delivered in 1946 before several American Protestant theological seminaries by the president of the Hua Chung University. The author is a Chinese philosopher interested in the Christianization of his country and who aims to explain his cultural background as a *praeparatio evangelica* and to find those points of contact through which Christianity may be introduced.

Dr. Wei discards the comparative method in favor of an historical inquiry and thereby proceeds to summarize the development of Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism. Perhaps his most interesting contribution consists of the "four center theory" of the cultural origins of the Chinese. According to this theory their present unity was achieved by the fusion of no less than four geographically and temporally distinct cultures, which occurred over the course of many centuries. These consist of the Confucian or Chou culture of the central Yellow River Valley, a southern Sung culture represented by the archaic teachings of the school of Mo Ti, the Ch'u culture, also found in the south, which gave rise to the Taoist philosophy of Lao-Tzu, and finally, in the northwest, the legalist school of the Fa Chia whose policy inspired the Ch'ins and led to the establishment of the first great empire.

In the final analysis it is Confucianism, a political-ethical system containing religious elements, that has moulded the Chinese social structure, eliminated or absorbed all rivals, and is today the culture of the Chinese.

The concluding chapter embodies Dr. Wei's suggestions for promoting missionary activities. Although addressed primarily to Protestants, his views should be of equal importance for Catholics.

The distinguished scholar, Dr. K. S. Latourette, writes a brief foreword and guarantees for us the author's competence. It is unnecessary to add any comment.

THEODORE M. AVERY, JR.

Montgomery. A Biography. Alan Moorehead. Coward. $4.00.

"YOU are useless," said one of the Staff at Sandhurst to the newly graduated cadet, "you will get nowhere in the Army." To some young men, this might have been discouraging but not to Bernard Montgomery because, in his opinion, no one's judgment was as good as his own.

Bernard had been a rebel. As a small boy he had pitted his will ineffectually against his mother, a doughty matron, married at sixteen, who gave her husband, the Bishop of Tasmania, ten shillings a week as pocket-money and beat her offspring if they wasted their allowances. The Montgomery children rose at dawn, chopped wood for the schoolroom fire and began their lessons at 7:30 in the morning; they were allowed no candy or jams even at parties; cooked their own supper; attended chapel twice daily and were forbidden all games on Sundays. When Bihop Montgomery was called to London, Bernard had his first taste of freedom at St. Paul's School. Once emancipated from his mother, Bernard's ambition was to boss someone else and his prowess in athletics proved a short cut to leadership.

While at St. Paul's, to the disappointment of his father and the annoyance of his mother, he decided upon the Army as his career and to the Army, for the rest of his life, he gave his complete devotion. As a lieutenant in the Warwicks, Bernard served three years in India; won a D.S.O. and a bad lung in France and spent the next twelve years winning back his war rank of lieutenant colonel. At thirty-six, Major Montgomery had his first opportunity, as an instructor, to air his military theories. He bitterly denounced—as had Churchill—the frontal attacks and mass destruction of men in World War I; strategy, flanking movements, the intelligent cooperation of the individual soldiers were his fundamental principles. But how to win that full cooperation he learned by hazardous experience as battalion commander in Egypt where he first attempted the autocratic methods of his mother and kept the Staff busy settling disputes with his officers who objected to his interference with their private lives and with the men who stood on their rights as free Britons to disregard orders not in the army regulations. At last it dawned on Montgomery that an army's shibboleth of victory, since the days of David and Alexander, has been their personal devotion to their leader, and he commenced the close contact with his troops which reached an apogee before D Day. He did not deviate, however, from the strict asceticism of his boyhood; he read his Bible, eschewed tobacco and alcohol and avoided all women until he fell suddenly in love with an artistic widow with two children and enjoyed ten years of delightful married life. A widower by 1937, he distinguished himself at Dunkirk and, during 1940-41, commanded the Fifth Army in England. Montgomery at once halted the concrete coastal defenses. "Defense must be mobile," he announced, and he trained his men until they could march 56 miles in 50 hours. Elderly colonels were out at dawn leaping hurdles and wives were out of bounds. "You are useless," was the form of dismissal to which there was no appeal.

In July, 1942, Churchill visited Cairo and decided on an instant reorganization of the African forces. Rommel was nearly in sight of the pyramids. Alexander was summoned to succeed Auchinlech and, on August 12th, Montgomery was flown over to take command of the Eighth Army. His supreme self-confidence was the physic the demoralized troops needed. Auchinlech's misguided idea of discipline had been to have the Staff sleeping on the sand at the front and eating cold rations. Montgomery moved them at once to more accessible headquarters with the Air Force and ordered a proper mess. He organized a Tank Corps, planned an offensive and visited every section of the Army, telling them they were going to rout Rommel and that he depended on each man of them to help him rewrite history. In Sicily, the now famous Eighth Army re-enacted their African victory and before they were halted by the endless crags of the Apennines, Montgomery was called to England—

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Mid-Summer Is Past

Senators and Congressmen have for the most part left for home, vacation, private enterprises, committee investigations and confabs with local supporters, but the affairs of the world move on. Foremost is the parley at Paris, with sixteen European nations trying to draw up a program which will enable them to live, produce and breathe. For their part the Soviets and their satellites are also hard at work. Zionists are struggling toward a showdown in Palestine; the Dutch are trying to subdue Indonesia all over again, with all the disturbing effect that will have on colonial peoples everywhere; while here at home unification and strengthening of our armed forces proceed with determination.

The list could be extended indefinitely within and without the framework of the United Nations. Sketchy as it is, however, it gives an unmistakable picture of the kind of world in which we live, the issues which we must face, the risks and responsibilities that must be taken.

These are the subjects which The Commonweal seeks to confront squarely, week after week, with adequate regard for the facts available, without partisan bias and with an effort in each instance to inject a practical, constructive note.

Because of the subjects at hand and the way The Commonweal approaches them, we suggest that the immediate late summer and all through the fall constitute a strategic period for getting to know as illuminating a journal as The Commonweal. The attached trial subscription offer—which covers that period—will cost you about a penny a day. Act today!

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the Allies had agreed to appoint him second in command to Eisenhower for the invasion. It was during the months before D Day that Monty staged his campaign of personal appearances which eventually included factory and railway workers, miners and stevedores until Commons began to suspect political motives.

Mr. Moorehead argues sharply against the aspersions of Butcher and Ingersoll that Montgomery failed at Caen, insisting that Monty's accredited strategy had been for the British to invite and hold the Panzer attacks while the Americans slipped round to the south. Eisenhower, however, disagreed utterly with Montgomery's cherished plan to rush the Ruhr with a million men and finally it was decided to place Bradley in command of the five American armies, equal in rank with Montgomery, while Air Marshal Tedder succeeded to Montgomery's command with Eisenhower. There can be no question that it took all Eisenhower's tact and firmness to handle the situation, but Monty was soldier enough to obey definite orders and "Your devoted friend, Ike" was the American General's signature in a letter to Monty at the close of the war.

This life of Montgomery is more strictly a character study. Mr. Moorehead has already written brilliantly in previous volumes of the African campaign as well as the Italian and French. Perhaps some day he will incorporate this material in a comprehensive biography of Montgomery. The present volume is eminently readable but rather tantalizing with the lack of detail about the crucial situations.

"He isn't a lovable character" was Montgomery's brother's opinion; certainly this is at variance with the devotion of the British public. In making Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the War Office has now endorsed Bernard's lifelong conviction about his own superiority.

E. VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

A History of Philosophy. Vol. I: Greece and Rome. Frederick Copleston, S.J. Newman Bookshop. $4.00.
A Sketch of Mediaeval Philosophy. D. J. B. Hawkins. Sheed. $2.00.

TO TELL the history of philosophy is itself a philosophical task, and, within certain limits, the more philosophical it is the better the history, since ultimately it is philosophy that provides the "story." The difficulty is to see the "story" and to keep it clear and clean in telling of the many characters, actions, and opinions in which it is involved. Both Father Copleston and Mr. Hawkins have a story to tell. The British Jesuit, in introducing the first volume of what is to be a complete history of philosophy, points out that if the history is treated as only an enumeration of opinions, then it is indeed an "idle tale."

Father Copleston's story is that of the discovery and progress of philosophical thinking among the Greeks, leading to a dual climax in the work of Plato and Aristotle, which demands a synthesis that is attempted to some extent by the Neo-Platonists. His purpose is particularly to provide Catholic seminarians with a basic text that takes into account the work of recent scholarship and utilizes the text of his philosophers to stimulate direct reading of their works. In both respects he is more successful than any comparable Catholic text in English,

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and provides a readable and reliable key to the teachings of the ancient philosophers.

Mr. Hawkins's work is much more modest in that it aims at no more than providing a brief descriptive account of Christian philosophy from Erigena to the Renaissance. Unlike his fellow-countryman's work, it is not particularly directed to students of philosophy, and as a "sketch," it only touches on the main problems that concerned the Medieval thinkers. Its particular value as an introduction is that it directs the reader to the medieval writers and to the continental scholars, particularly Gilson, who are most responsible for the revival of medieval philosophical studies.

Both books adopt roughly the same method in telling their story. The individual thinker, rather than any particular problem, is the basic element, and an effort is made to indicate the general lines of his thought in each field that he happened to work. In other words, in each case, the historian is on the "outside" looking upon the work of the philosophers, selecting and organizing it for exposition. Father Copleston, more frequently than Mr. Hawkins, attempts to reveal the pattern of the history he is telling. Yet having chosen to emphasize the work of individual thinkers rather than what might be called the "adventures of ideas," both writers sacrifice the continuity of their stories. In too many cases they fail to make real the problems which led the philosophers to philosophize, and as a result the reader too rarely gets the "feel of philosophy" and the reality of philosophical experience.

OTTO BIRD.

There and Then. Christine Weston. Scribner's. $2.50.

IN AUGUST of this year the British *raj* is to relinquish his long cherished power over "the brightest jewel in the crown of empire." What kind of people are the inhabitants of the great sub-continent of India who are about to gain their freedom? Christine Weston may not provide the answer to this question in her collection of fifteen short stories but she, at least, gives her readers an appreciation of two factors which should make for a better understanding of these people. In the first place, we are shown how India is "different" from the Western world. We can partially grasp the meaning of "a land where things can happen—and be accepted—that could not occur anywhere else." Secondly, we discover that, despite the "differences" which exist accidentally, there is a fundamental unity possessed by human nature in India and elsewhere that nothing can change.

To review "There and Then" is not an easy task, because it is difficult to do justice to such a charming series of childhood reminiscences, which in retrospect assume far more important aspects. Mrs. Weston writes with skill and grace. The simplicity she manifests is so gracious that it can easily tend to obscure the accomplishment necessary to weave these tales so effortlessly.

The author writes of a subject which she knew intimately from the time of her birth until her marriage to an American in 1923. She was born and raised in the United Provinces, the daughter of a French lawyer, whose people had been indigo planters in India, and an English lady, whose family were for two generations in the service of the British Army in India. The outbreak of the First World War prevented her from going to Belgium for a convent education. Instead she received her training in the Indian hills at the hands of English, German, and Irish nuns. As she grew into womanhood, she helped her French father in his law practice and so came into intimate contact with Indian types who are to be found in these stories, all but two of which appeared originally in the *New Yorker*.

Caste, superstition, other-worldliness, and intimate sketches of life among the European ruling-class provide subjects for her short stories. In "A Game of Halma," we are treated to a cleverly done picture of the barriers raised by the conquerors in their relations with the subject people; no matter how intelligent and self-respecting the latter may be there was a line they could not cross. How one could almost teeter on the line and yet not go beyond it is shown in the case of the aristocratic Nawab Sahib, who never removed his shoes before entering the home of his European host. This was his "subtle little gesture of defiance toward the alien raj, even though that raj was personified in (the author's father) . . . who had befriended him and for whom he had a visible affection."

"The Devil Has the Moon" depicts the failure of a pathetic Eurasian tutor to overcome superstition by the substitution of logic. "Roshan" provides an insight into the terrible discrimination practiced by caste Hinduism by spinning the tale of a young boy who was adopted by a tanner and his wife and forced to live in conditions of indescribable squalor and filth because of the stigma attached to the profession of *chamars*. "Raziya" is at once the story of a conceited little coxcombe and the beautiful girl who became his wife and slave. The devotion of this girl, a celebrated beauty in her home town, provides a most touching episode whose conclusion is perhaps typically Oriental but quite shocking to Western readers. "The Mud Horse" contrasts Western scepticism with Indian faith in the impossible. Kulloo, the hero of this little sketch, becomes through Mrs. Weston's subtle approach the prototype of Indian disdain for outward appearances.

It is good to learn that the author is presently in India in search of material for a new book which we venture to hope will be more direct and a little more concerned with presenting exactly what her own views are on some of the "problems of India."

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY.

The Inner Forum

Christ's Sacrifice and Ours

THE EIGHTH National Liturgical Week is to be held at Portland, Oregon, from August 18th through 21st. Its general theme, "Christ's Sacrifice and Ours," indicates that the whole conference will be devoted to the Mass. The opening session will begin with an address of welcome by Archbishop Edward D. Howard of Portland; Father H. A. Reinhold will then speak on "The Liturgical Movement to Date," and there will be a panel discussion on the subject, "Do We Know the Mass?" with a priest, a Sister, a layman and a college student as the principal participants.

Tuesday, August 19th, begins with a *Missa Recitata* and includes among its speakers Father Gerald Ellard, S.J., of St. Mary's, Kansas, author of "Christian Life and Worship"; Father Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., editor of *Orate Fratres;* Mr. Barry Byrne, noted architect from Chicago;

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Right Reverend Monsignor Reynold Hillenbrand of Hubbard Woods, Ill. Monsignor Hillenbrand's talk will be followed with a demonstration on the Mass.

Speakers at succeeding sessions include Rev. W. Michael Ducey, O.S.B., executive secretary of the Liturgical Conference; Rev. Philip Weller of Dorchester, Wis.; Mother M. Jerome, O.S.B.; Rev. Aloysius Wilmes of St. Louis, Mo.; Very Reverend Monsignor Martin B. Hellriegel, who will talk on "The Mass, Center of the Sacraments and the Office"; and Rev. Walter LeBeau of St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn. The last day of the conference will include sectional meetings for parish priests, seminary professors, seminarians, Sisters and laymen. Arrangements are being handled by Rev. George O'Keefe, National Liturgical Week, 2053 Southwest Sixth Avenue, Portland, Oregon; Father O'Keefe will make reservations at Maryhurst College for Sisters attending the conference and at Portland hotels for all other delegates. The proceedings will be published in booklet form and may be ordered in advance from Father O'Keefe as chairman.

The spirit of the liturgical movement is well expressed in a recent issue of *Orate Fratres* by Rev. Jerome Gassner, O.S.B., from the Abbey of Seitenstetten, Austria, who is at present teaching dogmatic theology at St. Gregory's Abbey, Shawnee, Okla. "Man's incorporation into Christ through the Holy Eucharist is an organic growth, an organic transformation, it is an advance 'from glory to glory': 'But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' (2 Corinthians, 3:18). All the feasts, all the solemnities, the specific prayers and rites of the different seasons of the sacred liturgy are sacramentals, as is the Anamnesis of the Canon [of the Mass] and the whole of the Canon itself. These sacramentals effect *'ex opere operantis Ecclesiae'* the grace they signify. This grace in turn disposes the soul for the eucharistic transformation according to the aspect unfolded and enacted by the sacred liturgy. In this way is re-enacted the 'great Sacrament,' the one reality, which is ever the same and ever new, comprising in itself all reality and actuality of the Mystery of which Saint Paul says (1 Timothy, 3:16):

> And manifestly great is the mystery of godliness:
> Which was manifested in the flesh,
> Was justified in the spirit,
> Appeared to angels,
> Was preached to Gentiles,
> Believed in the world,
> Taken up in glory."

CONTRIBUTORS

Habib J. AWAD, Ph.D., is a native of Lebanon, has taught sociology, philosophy and languages at several universities in this country, and worked on the FCC during the war.
Rev. M. R. DESOBRY, O.P., is Prior of the Convent of St. Jacques in Paris. He has recently lectured in America and South America, and the article we publish is an extract from a report on conditions in France.
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